

Q. HORATI FLACCI
CARMINUM LIBRUM QUINTUM

A
RUDYARDO KIPLING
ET
CAROLO GRAVES
ANGLICE REDDITUM

ET VARIORUM NOTIS ADORNATUM
AD FIDEM CODICUM MSS. EDIDIT

ALUREDUS D. GODLEY

NOVO PORTU
E TYPOGRAPHEO YALENSI
MDCCCCXXI

1 9 2 1

DOCTIS viris Ioanni Powell, Ronaldo Knox (qui in apparatu critico praecipue elaboravit) Oxoniensibus, Allano Ramsay Cantabrigiensi maximae et meritae grates sunt agenda; quorum nisi continuo auxilio innixi essemus, nunquam profecto fieri potuisset ut haec libri quinti quae nunc prodit forma legentibus offerretur.

Aliis alia debentur. Nam cum scriptor ingeniosissimus Rudyardus Kipling utpote studiis Horatianis iam antea editus duo carmina (primum videlicet, et sextum) latebris extracta non modo Anglice reddiderit verum et aliis quoque libellis inseruerit, agnoscitur comitas iterum ut appareant quae iam omnibus placuerunt permittentis.

Neque obliviscendum est eiusdem aut diligentia aut fortuna repertum esse et nobis benignissime donatum fragmentum illud quod undecunque profectum in extrema libri huius pagina legitur.



PRAEFATIO

Q. HORATI FLACCI Carminum liber iam pridem in bibliothecis latitans (neque tamen a viris doctis ignoratus, quippe qui multas eius partes emendando tetigerint) nunc demum totus in lucem profertur.

Dubitari non potest quin hunc librum Flaccus noster iam perfecto atque expolito ad unguem artificio velut culmen et fastigium operis sui esse voluerit. Separatum igitur et clausum habuisse, et profanum vulgus ab intimo Musarum sacello quantum potuit arcuisse videtur; quam separationem posteritas quoque ita servavit ut suis codicibus neque ullam aliam Carminum partem exhibentibus quintum hunc librum etiamnunc contineri videamus.

Iam vero codicum quibus textus innititur auctoritatem perlustremus. Horum ea ratio est habenda ut una familia multo graviolem auctoritatem quam ceteri obtineat; cuius princeps est codex ille quem *P* littera in apparatu critico notavi-

mus. Is in Badensi Grossspaniandrumpinacotheca asservatur, pluribus ille quidem locis saucius sed a librario Latinitatis ut videtur haud ignaro magna diligentia conscriptus; cui proximus accedit alter ille quem *T* littera notavimus, saeculo XIV scriptus, nunc post varias vices in Patavinorum Museum illud Trentunosettembrese delatus; necnon eadem stirpe profectum esse iudicamus quem Cantabrigiae in Collegio de Cavendish asservatum bibliothecarius cuius est comitatus nobis inspiciendum tradidit. Hunc in apparatu critico *W* appellamus. Ità ex his codicibus una quasi familia componitur, quippe qui inter se plerumque consentiant; igitur quoties fit universorum consensus in apparatu nostro *A* littera notatus est. Fuit enim unus sine dubio codex a quo hi omnes originem traxerunt. Hoc quoque a ceteris codicibus familia illa differt, quod cum illi eis carminibus careant quae in Appendicem huius libri relegavimus, haec sola omnia in se continet. Verum cum magna sit codicum horum inter se similitudo, inest tamen ea diversitas quae *P* saltem librum a ceteris seiungat; non quin illi quoque sui aliquid et proprii singillatim exhibeant; quippe *W* codicis scriptor, cum multa loca corrigere conetur, insolitae vel inter scribas rei metricae ignorantiae arguitur. Duo sunt praeterea codices qui deteriores haberi possunt. Primus, qui *m* vocatur, in Monasterio S. Tryphosae apud Valladolidenses asservatus procul dubio a monacho conscriptus est; quas enim a ceteris variationes exhibet eae sunt quae monachorum consuetudinem et librorum usum prae se ferunt; quem codicem ne Orellius quidem inspexit. Alter incertum quibus fortunae vicissitudinibus in domum familiae illius Poshworthianae de Market Poshworth pervenit. Ipsi cum inspicere et cum aliis conferre vellemus insana domini suspicione et clausa aedium ianua prohibiti quae codicis sit condicio omnino

ignoraremus, nisi proxime habitans Vicarius de Boosting Parva pro sua diligentia et comitate apographum fecisset; quem hominem ita honoris causa nominamus ut propter pietatem magis quam propter Latinitatis peritiam laudandum esse iudicemus. Hos codices inter se cognatione coniungi nemo est quin intellegere debeat. Mendis scatent sed similibus (nisi quatenus Vicarii describentis cura novas corruptelas intulit); itaque non possumus quin ex uno atque eodem fonte et quidem deperdito profluxisse existimemus; cuius exemplaris scriptor eodem atque *A* familiae auctores saeculo floruit.

Restat ut ad eos pauca respondeantur quibus Horatium non singula tantum carmina de rebus propositis sed bis terque versus in eandem sententiam composuisse mirum et veri dissimile videtur; non quo totam hanc controversiam retractare aut possimus aut cupiamus; est enim taedii atque ineptiarum plenissima. Et quorsum tot ineptias? numquid a quoquam rationis est allatum cur Horatius, cuius fuerit ubertatis, non diversitate verborum ad eosdem sensus saepius exprimendos usus fuerit? Fecit Archias ille quem Tullius noster propter hoc ipsum laudavit; multi quoque alii fecerunt. Sed non possumus quin Toshii inter Iaponenses Professoris nomen ita referamus ut stuporem hominis vel potius pecudis exemplo illustremus; qui ut erat omnium indoctissimus et cathedra sua indignissimus ipsa totius libri fundamenta labefactare conabatur. Illa enim non modo dictitabat homo helleborosus sed etiam litteris mandavit, nullum quintum librum a Flacco esse scriptum; carmina scilicet quae hoc volumine contineantur primum Anglice ab incerto auctore composita postea a grammaticis nescio quibus verae Latinitatis insciis ita redita esse ut specie carminum Horatianorum vulgus imperitum deciperent. O incredibilem hominis foedissimi cum igno-

rantiam, tum malitiam! Melius erat ad merae dubitationis et ἀγνοίας tenebras confugere, sicut fecit vir ille alioquin venerabilis Tomirotius, propter Latinitatis elegantiam Tullius alter a Patagonensibus suis merito appellatus; qui se post vitam his studiis deditam “neque caput rei neque caudam facere posse” autumavit. Verum et hic quoque dubitando si non improbitatis at stultitiae se coarguit. Ubi sunt istae tenebrae, ubi posterioris aevi indicia? Legat qui modo Latine sciat; totam rem luce clariorem esse confitebitur. Adeo nihil in his carminibus est, sive verba ipsa sive syntaxin sive metrum respexeris, quin ita curiosam illam Horati felicitatem redoleat ut ab ipso planissime scriptum esse videatur. Noli igitur, lector benignissime, spuria atque adventicia nobis ea videri existimare, quae in Appendicem relegavimus. Sunt haec eiusdem, cuius cetera, Flaccitatis; ideo tantum a ceteris seiunximus quia, cum uno codicum genere nec pluribus contineantur, neque commentatorum diligentiam neque poetarum Anglice reddentium perpolitam elegantiam provocaverunt.

A. D. G.

R. A. K.

CARMINUM
LIBER QUINTUS

Q. HORATI FLACCI
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I

NATURA rerum quae sit odoribus
intenta sunt quos porticus audiat
monstrare, vel mixtis duabus
tertia qua ratione peior

conflatur auris. Hic potius rotas
ignemque laudans, unde sit impetus
maior laborabit volutis
turbiniibus rapidoque rhombo.

Pars efficaces gignere vel luem
sanare nostri corporis incolas
propagat enatamque pascit
sponte sua segetem venenis.

Incurioso non mediocriter,
et nunc et horis damna trahentibus
alaene me vectent an axes
Brundisium, mihi, cui quietum

fervore pectus non nisi Pindari,
Naso, per omnes incaluit dies,
haec prorsus exaudita frigent,
nec magis alliciunt eodem,

I 2 porticus MSS. *exc. m* which reads publicus 8 rapidoque
rhombo, *Orelli's restoration for MSS. readings*, subitoque bombo
PT; solitoque bombo T; rapidaque Roma *mn.* 16 cui quietum:
quietum MSS. 19 prorsus: Morsus A (Mopsus W) Marsus T

THE ODES OF HORACE

BOOK FIVE

I

THERE are whose study is of smells,
Who to attentive schools rehearse
What something mixed with something else
Makes something worse.

Some cultivate in broths impure
The clients of our body; these,
Increasing without Venus, cure
Or cause disease.

Others the heated wheel extol,
And all its offspring, whose concern
Is how to make it farthest roll
And fastest turn.

Me, much incurious if the hour
Present, or to be paid for, brings
Me to Brundusium by the power
Of wheels or wings,

Me, in whose breast no flame hath burned
Life long, save that by Pindar lit,
Such lore leaves cold; nor have I turned
Aside for it,

scrutante quam si mente profundius,
certo futuri quid placeat Deo,
fert ligna supplendo focorum
iunctus amicitia minister.

II

DULCIS o certe recolenda imago
noctis aestivae tibi, cum rosarum
flore, Maecenas, redimitus uncto
crine sub arta
vite nobiscum Maro duxit horas.
Ibat in caelo, memini, sereno
Cynthia, argentine nitore vallis
ima lavabat
nocte tranquilla, nisi lympa dulcem
flumine adlabens strepitum ciebat
mobili, quo non magis ulla nostras
vox capit aures.
Lingua sed mellita Maronis illic
gratia cepit potiore sensus,
cui Iovis natae dederant canorae
voce profari
vatis antiqui gravia eloquentis.
Inde miranti tibi qua furores
nosset adffictosque animos in umbra
devius, acri
ulcere aegrescente dolentem Elissam, et
quam fides mentita fefellit Annam,

I 21 profundius *Orelli for MSS.* profundis II 5 Maro duxit:
maroduxit *MSS.* (produxit *W*) 16 profari: profani *MSS.*
(profane *W*) 21 aegrescente *Bentley for* ulciscenti

More than when, sunk in thought profound
Of what the unaltered Gods require,
My steward (friend but slave) brings round
Logs for my fire.

R. KIPLING.

II

CAN you forget, Maecenas, how together
Virgil and you and I once sped the hours
Rose-wreathed, anointed, in the summer weather,
Under the shelter of my trellised bowers?

Clear was the sky, the moon aloft was sailing,
Flooding the valley with a silver gleam;
Still was the night, save for the never-failing
Murmurous music of the rushing stream.

Dear is to me the voice of running waters,
Dearer that night was Virgil's voice of gold,
Gift of the Muses, Jove's melodious daughters,
Fraught with the wisdom of the seers of old.

How could he probe (you asked) serene, sequestered,
Hearts torn with passion, trampled in the dust;
Dido, in whom the wounds of love had festered,
Anna, the victim of her perfect trust?

ille subridens: "Mihi nempe notas

nostra sorores

Mantua in prima viduas iuventa

nutriit iusta dicione ruris

arbitras lati, resides at in su-

spiria amantum

hactenus—donec procus acer audax

ambiit victor potiturque votis,

credulamque avectus equo fefellit;

at sibi Dido

ocius mortem struit ipsa; tabes

lenta languentem minuit sororem.

Turnum et erectis animis vel ipsa

clade ferocem,

Iulio victis remeante Gallis,

videram, fata in sua pervicacem,

Roma quo nunquam generosiozem

norat in armis."

Iamque sermonum vice dum vetustis

pergit intexens nova, nox abibat;

inde succensum tenuata ponunt

ora calorem,

mensque, persona veluti resumpta,

condit arcanos adoperta sensus.

Amnis at leni properantis ad po-

maria lapsu

pratium et herbosum ciet unda iuxta

clarius murmur, tremulisque ad auram

populus procera comis revecta

luce susurrat.

II 23 subridens: subvidens MSS. 28 amantum: Mantua WT
40 Bentley reads morat in arma, unnecessarily 47 ad pomaria:
ad pomoeria mn; ad Pomono A (Applunina W)

"Ah! but I knew them," answered he benignly,
"Mantuan sisters, widowed ere their prime,
Ruling broad acres righteously and finely,
Deaf to the call of passion—for a time.

"Till there came one, resistless in his wooing,
Gallant and bold, who loved and rode away,
Leaving his Dido to her swift undoing,
Leaving her Anna to a slow decay.

"Turnus I saw, unshaken by disaster,
Brought out of Gaul in mighty Julius' train,
Noblest of foes, whom fate could never master,
Holding his captors in a fierce disdain."

Late was the night ere Virgil ceased from telling
How past and present mingled in his view,
And the worn features, lit by fire indwelling,
Changed to the marble mask that others knew.

Clearer uprose the murmur of the river
Hurrying onward past the orchard lawn,
And the tall poplars with their leaves aquiver
Trembled and whispered in the breath of dawn.

C. L. GRAVES.

III

MISERANDUS vir amicis hymenaei tamen expers,
patitur continuo qui sine solamine Bacchi
studiosae iuga neptis:

pia ludos adit omnes, revocantesque Camenas
animo respicit aequo Neobule, neque pacem
patrui dat furia oti.

Dryas et Nāias aequae, freta quae tranatat Helles,
et eques Penthesileam, pede vincens Atalanten
iuvenes urit et angit:

calathis non vacat umquam sapientique Minervae:
oculus me tamen ardens et iniquae flagra linguae
agitant exanimatum.

IV

AD mea, note quondam
Flore Musarum studio, limina claudicantem
sors tulit, a recenti

caede Parthorum reducem; mox solitos calores
(cedere dum Minervae

aede Bellonam iubeo) sedulus excitabam;
Lesbias, an priori

cantet Alcaeus cithara, saepe rogo; suilli
an gregis exstet altor

maior Eumaeo; potius Nausicāae colatur
fallere nescia aetas,

III 8 Atalanten: Atalantem *W*.
MSS. (rogas vel illi *W*)

IV 8 rogo suilli: rogas villi

III

HOW unhappy (though unmarried) is an uncle who,
bereft

Of the solace of the wine-cup, is continually left

At the mercy of an energetic niece.

Neobule is unfailing in attendance at the Games,

Imperturbably regardless of the Muses or their claims

And relentless in denying me release.

Her equipment is amphibious : she can swim a mile or more ;

Her appearance in the saddle I both envy and adore ;

She's the super-Atalanta of the young.

She declines to ply her needle, and she never reads a book,

But she withers me completely with a single scorching look,

And she cows me with the lashing of her tongue.

C. L. GRAVES.

IV

WHEN Florus, who of old was burning
With zeal for literary lore,

Home from the Parthian front returning

Came round on crutches to my door,

I strove his ancient ardour to relume

And oust Bellona from the Muses' room.

Whether 'twas Sappho or Alcaeus

That tuned the authentic Lesbian lyre ;

Was ever swineherd like Eumaeus ;

Or whether we should more admire

an fidem servans toties Penelope dolosam.
 Talia me fefellit
 spes requirentem; potior cura virum premebat
 iam nova cogitantem,
 bella dum narrat, quibus et bella dolis geruntur
 (quid pice fax flagranti,
 quid venenati valeant in galeas vapores);
 qui procul expeditum
 rexit ad finem jaculum, vatibus anteponit
 omnibus, hos et inter
 laude Tyrtæum merita prosequitur. Sed unum,
 plurima quem decoro
 Martis addictum retinet servitio cicatrix,
 ut minus elegantem
 num notem censor? Potius, dum revoco peractam
 turpiter otioso
 tamdiu vitam, profugus quam retuli Philippis,
 vivere pro Camenis
 improbo, laudans animam pro patria relictam.

IV 18 *The MSS. have quid venari valeat in galeasve ponis (pomis T); I have rejected Sauwoschius' well-known quidve nativas valeant in galeas veruta, as I cannot understand the meaning he attaches to nativas* 20 *Bentley read vestibus for vatibus, referring to the custom of wearing bullae stamped with the effigies of famous generals* 22 *laude Tyrtæum Orelli for MSS. Laudetur tecum*

Patient Penelope's heroic fraud,
Or frank Nausicaa's innocence unawed—

In vain I challenged his opinion
 On these and other kindred themes ;
The master-passion's rude dominion
 Banished them ever from his dreams.
Only of War and War's new arts he spoke,
Of liquid fire and masks and poisoned smoke.

The strong unerring missile-flinger
 Above all poets he enthroned ;
Tyrtaeus was the only singer
 Whose spell ungrudgingly he owned,
And deeply seamed with honorable scars
He paid allegiance to no lord but Mars.

Yet can I dare to be censorious ?
 Nay, when I honestly retrace
My life through years of ease inglorious
 Back to Philippi's headlong race,
Needs must I count it far the nobler part
To die for country than to live for art.

C. L. GRAVES.

IAM molesta transvolat
 hiems, serenus dum renidet axis;
 Colchicis velut sacris
 reffloruerunt et comas virentes
 induuntur arbores,
 Favoniisque Thracias procellas
 dissipantibus, sinus
 vocante Maio pandit alma tellus.
 Sumat ut diem labor,
 cohors iocosa, prodeunt Sabinae;
 ipse, viveret modo,
 suas stuperet filias Quirinus,
 ut premant Amazones
 gradus, stolasque praeferant Lacaenas.
 Invidi vident patres
 virile robur aemulosque vultus:
 quippe dum Paphi dea
 proterva solitas deserit choreas,
 Gratiis ducis vice
 Ceres relictis imperatque Nymphis.
 Ipse (nam famis metus
 vetat vacare iamdiu Camenis)
 "Ecquid est novi?" rogans,
 porros serendos intibosque promo.

V 3 Colchicis velut sacris: *A* has Cochlicis (Coclicis *T*, codicis
W) velut sacris; *T* has codicive lussacris 8 vocante Maio
Lachmann for *MSS.* vacan tomato 14 Lacaenas: lascivas *A*,
 lacernas *T* 15 invidi vident *Orelli* for *MSS.* invident
 18 proterva: *T* has prothero 24 *The MSS.* have porro serendus
 intimusque porna (*exc. m. which has* Petro sacerdos illi bosque
 pronto). *I prefer the reading given above to Piff's* parvo serenus
 en cibos reposco

OLD winter the churl is at last on the wing;
 The heavens grow soft and serene,
 And the trees, at the magical summons of Spring,
 Are robed in fresh mantles of green.

The Zephyrs have banished the blasts of the north;
 The bosom of earth is unsealed;
 And our new Sabine women go cheerily forth
 To labour all day in the field.

Their masculine garb and the length of their stride
 Would surely make Romulus stare;
 But their fathers already are feeling a pride
 In their strength and their resolute air.

For gay Cytherea has wholly forsworn
 The dances she formerly led,
 And her playmates, the Nymphs and the Graces, forlorn
 Of their Queen follow Ceres instead.

Producers of food must abandon the Muse—
 I have done so for several weeks—
 For I'm either engaged in discussing the news
 Or in sowing my endive and leeks.

C. L. GRAVES.

VI

SOLVISSE votum saepe suo stetit
 fidum per ense sanguine militi;
 verbosus accusator instans
 saepe brevem vitiavit horam

summae potentem. Qui foret exitus
 denuntiantem senserat augurem
 Romanus, effuditque prudens
 gentis opes validumque nomen,

duroque largus tempore iudices
 sprexit molestos, si nova limina
 tutetur et molles arenas
 fluctibus oppositas tremendis.

Montes ab arvo suspicientibus
 alti minantur: non aliter viros
 aeterna fundamenta rerum
 ponere, et imperium sagaces

fulcire tuta sede, parum sua
 laudavit aetas. Scilicet in foro
 et luce, non illi tenentes
 sceptrum manu tacitaeque freti

terrore vestis, se pariter gerunt
 aequis iniquis, non timidi sua
 pro gente communes per usus
 eximiam reperire causam.

VI 11 tutetur: *A* has turtur (*P* is missing here)

VI

THE overfaithful sword returns the user
 His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood.
*The clamour of the arrogant accuser
 Wastes that one hour we needed to make good.
 This was foretold of old at our outgoing;
 This we accepted who have squandered, knowing,
 The strength and glory of our reputations,
 At the day's need, as it were dross, to guard
 The tender and new-dedicate foundations
 Against the sea we fear—not man's award.*

They that dig foundations deep,
 Fit for realms to rise upon,
 Little honour do they reap
 Of their generation,
 Any more than mountains gain
 Stature till we reach the plain.

With no veil before their face
 Such as shroud or sceptre lend—
 Daily in the market-place,
 Of one height to foe and friend—
 They must cheapen self to find
 Ends uncheapened for mankind.

Empti quiescit nocte labor gregis :
illi probantes an nimis angulo
credatur, insomnisve fornix
quid ferat, advigilant futuris

custodientes abdita saeculis,
nec gloriosa laude nec otio
capti, sed in veram salutem
frigida corda manusque lassas

firmare prompti vi propria, sibi
pacem negantes. Qui tua pulpita
struxere, Libertas, eosdem
dedecorat populus reosque

explodit, et iam libera civitas
acclamat ipsis qui sibi procreant
rerum potituros suarum
seque premunt alios colendo.

Qui magna parvi finximus, arbitri
docti sedentes si quis ad inferos
decessit, emolimur alte
tecta novo peritura limo ;

illi, quod aestus continuant opus
annive furtim motave sidera,
mentem laborantes deorum
non hominum subitas recludunt

VI 27 fornix, *Bentley's famous emendation of MSS.* phoenix
34 pulpita: *the MSS. are very discordant here; m has Apulica;*
P publica; W pituita; T putrida 46 *Orelli's reading for A*
anniv furtim motave sidorum

Through the night when hirelings rest,
Sleepless they arise, alone,
The unsleeping arch to test
And the o'er-trusted corner-stone,
'Gainst the need, they know, that lies
Hid behind the centuries.

Not by lust of praise or show
Not by Peace herself betrayed—
Peace herself must they forego
Till that peace be fitly made;
And in single strength uphold
Wearier hands and hearts acold.

On the stage their act hath framed
For thy sports, O Liberty!
Doubted are they and defamed
By the tongues their act set free,
While they quicken, tend, and raise
Power that must their power displace.

Lesser men feign greater goals,
Failing whereof they may sit
Scholarly to judge the souls
That go down into the pit,
And, despite its certain clay,
Heave a new world towards the day.

These at labour make no sign,
More than planets, tides or years
Which discover God's design,

spes et timores, nec titulos sibi
 rebus secundis nec veniam malis
 poscunt sacerdotes parati
 ferre necem pariter decusque,
 non aestimato, dummodo pontifex
 scandat triumphans in Capitolium,
 vincti coronatine portent
 sacra domum stabiles in arces.

VII

CRESCUNT vere dies; resecantibus invidum soporem
 quod una noctis demitur tenebris
 hora, quis invidet, Cleophon nisi lampadas reclamans
 paucis coemptas? Itur huc et illuc
 sub Iove per vicos; densent magis, ut magis propinquant
 fori tabernis virginum coronae—
 hic proponuntur quotquot nova, quotquot invidenda
 gestare possis (sive Coa textu,
 Sidonio placeant seu murice) pluribus periculum,
 audax emendi dum monet cupido,
 lex ab omittendo stat Fannia. Pauperum tabernas
 regumque turres ambiente Leto
 illacrimabilior iam Scaptius exigit tributum;
 vocis canorae prodigas alaudas,
 Phoebe, rapis. Siquis medico vacat, aequinoctiali
 tumens laborat bile; cui negantur
 otia ne doleat, parvae tamen invidentis arcae

VII 3 Cleophon: *W* reads Caiaphas. 11 stat Fannia: *T* has
 Stefania; the other MSS. have impossible variants, e.g. straphangia
 (*W*) 16 laborat bile *Lachmann* for laborabile (*A*)

Not our hopes and not our fears;
Nor in aught they gain or lose
Seek a triumph or excuse.

*For, so the Ark be borne to Zion, who
Heeds how they perished or were paid that bore it?
For, so the Shrine abide, what shame—what pride—
If we, the priests, were bound or crowned before it?*

R. KIPLING.

VII

WITH lengthening days we revert to the plan
Of stealing an hour from the night,
And all but the lamp-makers honour the man
Who taught us to husband our light.

There's a stir in the streets, and the feminine flocks
Grow denser the closer they near
The marts where the merchants exhibit their stocks
Of the newest and gayest of gear.

Bright purples of Cos and of Sidon unrolled
Work havoc in many a brain;
For whenever extravagance urges "Be bold!"
Economy whispers "Refrain!"

Collectors of taxes, impartial as Death,
Stalk forth on their pitiless rounds;
And the lark, inexhaustively lavish of breath,
In lyrical rapture abounds.

timore fisci pallidus gravatur.
Eridanum iam ripa tenet sua ; fissilem remoto
labore glebam vomeres recludunt ;
perpetuo miles caeno caret, et minore cura
desiderati iam movent Penates.

VIII

CUM gentes vacuae vitam agerent, te Babyloniae
refrenare sitim notitiae qui nimis impiam
iussi, Leuconoe, nunc ubi Mars aestuat, ipsaque
tellus nutat, idem praecipio consilium acrius.

Non quo corripiam te, neque quos exanimat dolor,
dilecti capitis si quis avet colloquio frui,
fortunasque virum veridico discere nuntio
quis dulces reditus fata negant, aethera et invident.

Seu Manes habitant Tartareis in regionibus,
seu picta asphodelo prata petunt, turba beatior,
nullam, crede mihi, praestat opem, aut rem tibi prosperat,
quae conducta canit Thessalica gente venefica.

Quod si fas animas post cineres claustra refringere,
non interprete egent barbarico sortis et infimae,
nec saga docili cum pretio vertere turbinem
respondere iubet qui magicum sollicitis stilum.

VIII 12 venefica : benefica *A*
fistulam *seems over-ingenuous*

16 Bentley's magicam pollice

Old vernal disorders unsettle the health
Of those who have time to be ill,
And in those who have not, the conscription of wealth
Strikes home with a glacial chill.

The rivers no longer are swollen in flood;
The ploughshare cuts crisp through the loam;
And our Legions, released from the merciless mud,
Less wistfully long to be home.

C. L. GRAVES.

VIII

LEUCONOE, I warned you, in tranquil days of yore,
To curb your impious craving for Babylonian lore.
And now when earth is rocking, and war at fever heat,
More urgently than ever my warning I repeat.

Not that I seek to blame you, or others sore bested,
For longing to hold converse with your belovèd dead,
Or gain authentic tidings of how the heroes fare
Who never shall revisit the kindly upper air.

But whether in Plutonian abodes their spirits dwell,
Or haunt the happy meadows of radiant asphodel,
No messages, believe me, can truly heal or bless
Delivered by a hireling Thessalian sorceress.

If quick with dead may commune, if soul may speak to soul,
They need no base-born stranger to guide them to their goal,
No salaried enchantments, no workers of the wheel
That prompts the magic stylus to answer your appeal.

Si solamen id est, posce deos Mors reparet tua
damna; optave vices Panthoidae; Thessalida at cave;
vivis namque quies vipereo rumpitur halitu,
maiestasque (nefas) polluitur luce carentium.

IX

NE pauca aratro iugera regiae
moles et ingens Roma relinquerent,
ne rura depulsis colonis
urbs domibus tegeter forisque
verebar olim; nam prius omnia
passim sonabant aedificantium
stridore: tectorum columnae
mixtaque porticibus nitebant
templa; architectos largius indies
ditabat aurum; floruit aedium
conductor, ingentesque nummos
vecta Paro peperere saxa.
Nunc poena tales addita legibus
sumptus coercet; segnis et indigens
mendicat in stratis redemptor;
frusta petit miser architectus.
Quid quod coactos non toga dedecet
pannosa Patres? quod locupletium
turre suburbanas solemus
stramineo reparare tecto?
Quid quod cibus iam simplicioribus
cenare lauti est? Iccius helluo
voracis uxoris maritus

IX 9 indies is *Orelli's* reading for MSS. impios. *Bentley* proposed
indicos 12 This restoration (*Lachmann's*) for MSS. rectabar
opere saxa is now generally admitted 22 The MSS. have en-

Pray, if it gives you comfort, that death may reunite ;
Or hope that, re-embodied, your soul may take fresh flight ;
But shun the necromancer who poisons with his breath
The calmness of the living, the dignity of death.

C. L. GRAVES.

IX

YEARS ago, though not so many, I was prompted to
complain
Of the City's deep encroachment on our arable domain,
Watching with a grave misgiving fields that once were rich
in wheat
Overrun with royal mansions, busy mart or crowded street.

All around the mason's trowel or the carver's chisel rang,
Palaces and baths and temples swiftly into being sprang ;
Dealers in imported marbles quite colossal fortunes made,
And the builder and contractor drove a truly roaring trade.

But the rigorous enforcement of new sumptuary laws
To this craze for bricks and mortar gave a salutary pause ;
Private enterprise in building long has been severely
checked,
And the doom of unemployment dogs the hapless architect.

Luxury is at a discount ; even villa roofs are thatched ;
Senators appear in togas palpably and freely patched ;
Frugal fare is all the fashion ; Iccius and his greedy wife,
Once disciples of Lucullus, now affect the simple life.

Pythagorae studet ipse normis;
 formosus olim Telephus horridi
 barbam Catonis sumit; agellulum
 conduxit, et spreta Neaera
 prata fodit suibusque gaudet.
 Maiora canto; tu quoque piscibus
 imples latebras Naiadum, et tuos
 largire, Maecenas, aratro
 (Caesar enim tibi suadet) hortos.
 Friget rosarum gratia: lilium
 passim videmus cedere caulibus:
 exoticos flores abegit
 vis holerum magis apta mensis.
 Vare, inserendas qui prius arbores
 ullas negabam vitibus, en ego
 do vela retro: nil serendis
 est melius, mihi crede, pomis!
 Me poma pascant; vivere frugibus
 domi paratis me iuvat; et nimis
 quos farra nutribant caroque
 vecta mari, Libycaeque messes,
 nunc nostra aratris iugera findimus:
 hinc inde missis nunc gravidas sues
 hortamur ad partum libellis:
 spes oritur melioris aevi
 cum navitarum pervigilantium
 curis levatis, merce domestica

tirely obscured the reading in the second half of this line, giving
ecce tohellugo with some variants, e.g., exit opilio (W) and incito
aerugo (n); I prefer the reading I have given to Orelli's indica
bellua 26 agellulum: Ritter for MSS. agedum 28 suibus-
que: A have ovibusque; m reads suetusque (suet usque n)

Even Telephus the dandy, whose complexion was his pride,
Now adopts the "bearded Cato" as his model and his guide.
He has rented an allotment, where he hoes and sows and
digs,

Shuns the company of ladies, and is busy raising pigs.

Nobler signs of public spirit I delightedly remark
In the fact that good Maecenas recently ploughed up his
park,

And in patriotic answer to the Emperor's appeals
Turned his artificial waters into hatcheries for eels.

Flora bows to bustling Ceres; unobserved the violet blows;
And the satisfying parsnip triumphs o'er the blushing rose;
Fragrant and exotic blossoms now no longer scent the air,
For the humblest vegetables have usurped the gay parterre.

Once, O Varus, I besought you "first and foremost plant the
vine";

Now my former predilection I reluctantly resign.

Rather cultivate your orchard; apples, raw or baked or
stewed,

Are not merely rare refreshing fruit, but highly wholesome
food.

Far too long relying largely on imported foodstuffs, Rome
Learns at last to stock her larder and her granaries from
home,

pastum per infernos tumultus
Rondda feret Protheroque Flaccum.

X

QUI iactantius antea
Flaccum praecinui perpetuum fore,
et nomen magis in dies
clarum et Pyramidum mole perennius,
mox normam veterem crepans
praecepi rigidus quae docuit Cato.
Aptaram numeris meos
crescentis titulos, et senium Imperi,
labis Romuleum genus
insectans, dubius roboris integri.
Sed me Roma fefellerat
germana recidiva ipsa propagine.
Spectavi pueros ferum
hostem acres positis frangere ludicris,
quos nunquam indoluit pater
vivos, et cineres plangere destitit,
ipsa morte superbiens.
Nec sanctas animas laus neque praemium
ultro proicere impulit,
dum ferrent sociis praesidium suis
aut dulci patriae, caput
quercu promeritos cingere civica,

IX 52 I have preferred to leave this line as it stands in the MSS., which have a few obvious attempts at correction, e.g. proteloque (m). Bentley's Roma feret propriaque Flaccum is very attractive, but hardly explains the corruption

Learns to push the propaganda of the multiplying sow,
Learns to ease her Navy's vigil by the speeding of the
plough.

C. L. GRAVES.

X

OF yore I sought the future to forecast,
And vaunted that my fame would long outlast
Memorial bronze or regal pyramid,
And gain fresh lustre as the ages passed.

Then, ever harping on the nation's need
Of discipline in rugged Cato's creed,
Mistrusting that her heart was sound and strong,
I spoke harsh words of Rome's degenerate breed.

So ran the double burden of my strain—
My waxing glory and the Empire's wane.
Yet Rome was re-awaking in her sons
And I was blind, but now I see them plain—

Sons who in boyhood put their games aside
And flew to stem the fierce barbarian tide:
Who never gave us pain until they fell,
And then our pain was swallowed up in pride.

Who laid their blameless lives un murmuring down,
Without a thought of guerdon or renown,
To save their country or to shield a friend;
Who earned, but seldom wore, the civic crown.

si non fata resisterent.
 His dum spiritus et vita animos dabat,
 motu pectora percitis
 explevit Pietas totius in brevi
 aetatis numeros die.
 Noster "Sed Pietas, sed superest Amor"
 testatur "cineri" Maro
 frustra ; verum animo consona vox meo.
 Aetatem an Latium melos
 imbellisque magis parmula proroget,
 quam virtus iuvenum, mei
 tutamen, nimium larga animae suae?
 hoc Desiderium, hoc Amor
 laudisque aemula mens eximiae negant.

XI

MERCIS Sidoniae purpura te, Chloe,
 nardumque Assyriam crinis olens decent,
 cum sollemnia pompae
 urbs festo celebrat die.
 Sed tum forma magis praenituit tua,
 dum lenociniis tota cares, ubi
 promit Livia siccis
 vappam centurionibus.
 Fractos militia limen ad imperi
 et lassos nimii Martis, at in viro

X 34 tutamen, nimium: MSS. have tutam eximium (tutum minimum *W*) XI 7, 8 *A* read Livius ictis tappum (tantum *W*) centurionibus (*T* is missing here). The reading given in the text (*Keller's*) is less open to objection than *Orelli's* Livia victum vafbris centurionibus

Who, ere their generous hearts in death were stilled,
By some unconquerable impulse thrilled,
Within the compass of a crowded hour
Outlived a lifetime, and "all hours fulfilled."

"Immortal dead!" I hear our Virgil sigh,
"How can the dearest and the noblest die?"
And though his passionate appeal be vain,
Now less than ever can I chide his cry.

Shall I outlive them with my Latin lay,
I who my shield once basely cast away,
Preserved and sheltered by their sacrifice?
Love and Regret and Envy answer Nay.

C. L. GRAVES.

XI

THOUGH purple robes of Tyrian
Or of Sidonian sheen,
Though essences Assyrian
Befit your festal mien,
You never shone so greatly
As when I saw you lately,
Clad simply and sedately,
In Livia's canteen.

On weary war-worn fighters,
Who guard the Empire's gate,

lentos Mercuriali,
te curantem ope sedula
ut vidi, ut rubui! Nec fugias tuae
quem movere vices nuper Horatium,
doctum vulnere privo
rem clarescere publicam.

XII

TE prius mecum (pudet heu fateri)
sive brumales, Bibule, ad lucernas,
sive cum saevus medio furebat
Sirius aestu
Bacchus addictum tenuit: diurnis
nasus amborum cyathis madebat:
quaelibet quavis capiebat hora
causa bibendi.
Ebrius Musis super aut amore
qui fuit sermo, ioca quae solutis!
Pindarus magnum resonans,—sed idem
fautor aquarum—
visus est cunctos superare vates.
Mene festivis epulis amicum
Pindari leges rigidi sequentem
spernere vina!
Caesar augustis tamen ut Falernum
arcuit mensis, nihil hinc morata

XI 13 ut rubui *Bentley for MSS.* utrubibi (utre bibi, *Ritter*)
XII 5 Bacchus *MSS.*: Bassus *Keller* 17 augustis: angustis *A*;
Caesar eluri (*sic*) pede cum coactus aruit mensis *m*, quod sensu
caret

But set no store by writers,
Ashamed I saw you wait.
But, Chloe, though you shun me,
Your later mood has won me
To own, the ill you've done me
Adds glory to the State.

C. L. GRAVES.

XII

HOW strange they seem, those hours of eld,
When on the slightest provocation,
Dear Bibulus, we were impelled
To unrestrained potation!

Alike when Sirius burned on high,
And when the days grew short and bleaker,
We dipped our noses, you and I,
Deep in the brimming beaker.

We talked of poetry and love—
Our hearts were sensitive as tinder—
And praised, all other bards above,
The majesty of Pindar.

But Oh! How little did I think
That I should come, the festive Flaccus,
To follow Pindar's rule of drink
And turn my back on Bacchus!

And yet when mighty Caesar banned
The wine-jar, and himself foreswore it,

sobrias cenas Ducis aemulata est
 pars proba Romae.
 Quid quod interdum veteris Lyaei
 nunc quoque invictus redit appetitus,
 inter et lymphas aliquid profusas
 surgit amari?
 At mei sumptus minuuntur ex quo
 Liberum puri pepulere fontes;
 res mihi augetur duplicique crescunt
 fenore nummi;
 corporis fio validi, et minoris
 quam fui ventris; melius per omnem
 dormio noctem; redeunte Phoebi
 mi placet ortu
 strenuus fundo labor in Sabino;
 nec minus dulces citharam Camenae
 nunc regunt nostram, neque ineptiora
 carmina pango.
 Proinde si quando Tiberi relicto
 cura te rerum sinet otiari,
 fessus huc fer te reparaque fractum
 mentis acumen;
 fonte potabis data Bandusino
 pocula, et nullo moderante quod do
 conditas a me repetita promet
 amphora fruges;
 vineas subter nihil hic nocentes

XII 26 Liberum puri *Scaliger* for liberum erumpere 40 mentis
 acumen *Bentley* for MSS. mente cacumen, *which Keller defends*
 42 quod do *Piff* for MSS. Rhondda

With all the loyal in the land
We simply grinned and bore it.

And though, at moments, for the cup
That "elevates" my spirit hankers,
I've doubled, through not liquoring up,
My balance at my bankers.

My sleep is sound, my girth is less,
My flaccid muscles daily harden ;
I rise betimes, I bathe and dress,
And hoe my Sabine garden.

Nor am I conscious that my skill
In poesy has been declining
Since I repaired to nature's rill
And made an end of wining.

Come then, when high affairs of State
That keep you captive by the Tiber
Relax their hold, and renovate
Your jaded mental fibre.

I offer you unrationed fruit,
Which I have lately learned to bottle,
And pure Bandusian, undilute,
Shall titillate your throttle.

Here, stretched at ease beneath the vine
(Now balked in its malefic mission)

siccus accumbes, recinesque mecum
Pentheï potare merum vetantis
gaudia regis.

XIII

XANTHIAM, Publi, quod equestre nomen
cum rosis emptum liquidaque nardo
gestiat portare, inhiant vulgo,
rodere parcas.

Postulat census suboles pudendae
gentis in lucem veniat metendo
Africam vastum cumulantis aurum,
postulat uxor.

Acer in serum famulus diei
serviet parvo; dominum magister
ambiet ludi faciliq̃ue durus
navita voltu.

Docta curandum iecur Aesculapi
turba captabit, nec adulta proles
nunc in angusto cohibebit amplos
orbe volatus,

aequa iam tactu simul atque plumis
mater ad nidos positis vocabit
promptior praedae cupidus sorores
sternere rostro.

XII 47, 48 *I retain the MSS. reading for which Bentley would substitute* Lloydii potare merum vetantis iura Georgi; Davidi m

Shall we experience, as we dine,
The joys of Prohibition.

C. L. GRAVES.

XIII

WHY gird at Lollius if he care
To purchase in the city's sight,
With nard and roses for his hair,
The name of Knight?

Son of unmitigated sires
Enriched by trade in Afric corn,
His wealth allows, his wife requires,
Him to be born.

Him slaves shall serve with zeal renewed
At lesser wage for longer whiles,
And school- and station-masters rude
Receive with smiles.

His bowels shall be sought in charge
By learned doctors; all his sons
And nubile daughters shall enlarge
Their horizons.

For fierce she-Britons, apt to smite
Their upward-climbing sisters down,
Shall smoothe their plumes and oft invite
The brood to town.

Merce pro tali semel ille laetus
hauriens arcas, caput atque nomen
Caesaris posthac nihil additurus
iurat acervo.

Si nec incendit sitis atra fisci
cor nec orandi populum libido,
quisquis est uni sibi non inempti
largus honoris,

integer vixit: nec enim pudore
fulta venali domus est nec usu
coniugis, puro sed odoris experts
crevit ab auro.

At gradu cives humiles ab imo
artis ignaros tulit ante virtus
ipsa. Solvuntur tabulae, movente
te quoque risum.

XIV

GRATOS quae numeros effingitis, inque serenis
verticibus recubatis Olympi,
quid vetat, excusso quem non sine fraude soporem
carpitis, in nova bella moventes
pro vestris capere arma sacris? Hi dulcia vitae
despecto fugiunt Mimnermo,
nec numeros laudant nisi qui sine fine dolores
intulerint. Citharae resonantis

XIII 25 atra fisci *Lachmann for MSS. atrabisti (attraxisti W)*
30 venali: *MSS. have venati (venari n, venenato W)* 32 ab:
A have obe

For these delights will he disgorge
The State enormous benefice,
But—by the head of either George—
He pays not twice!

Whom neither lust for public pelf
Nor itch to make orations vex—
Content to honour his own self
With his own cheques—

That man is clean. At least, his house
Springs cleanly from untainted gold—
Not from a conscience or a spouse
Sold and resold.

Time was, you say, before men knew
Such arts, and rose by Virtue guided?
The tables rock with laughter—you
Not least derided.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

XIV

YE moulders of musical numbers,
Serene and celestial Nine,
Awake from your perilous slumbers,
Strange enemies threaten your shrine.
Despising the joyance of living
They hold, in their haughty disdain,
That genius consists in the giving
Of infinite pain.

murmura nunc sordent; credas Gaetula rudentes
corpora nunc agitare leones;
nunc immane sonant quae sinistra crepantia Nilus
invenit, quae tympana Ganges,
quod lyra non potuit fidibus, non tibia flatu.
Credidimus regnare tonantem
caelo quippe Iovem; nostri maiore tumultu
aes, ferrum, pellemque ferinam
tundere festinant, puerisque crepundia linquunt
quod simplex, quod amabile carmen;
una deum colitur studiis ferventibus Echo.
Telorum de more secantes
aethera, dum friget circum praecordia noster
insolita vertigine sanguis,
o prohibete tubas! requiem date, cedere retro
non tulerint sine fine medullae.

XIV 12 quae tympana Ganges: ctympana nanges *n*; Stymphala
gigantes *W*

From Greece, though her prowess has perished,
Not yet had her nightingales flown
When her conquerors honoured and cherished
Her music and made it their own.
But scorning these delicate treasures
Our minstrels have turned to the East
For ragged and barbarous measures
At dance and at feast.

No longer content with the mellow
And exquisite tones of the lute
They take for their model the bellow
And howl of the man-eating brute.
And, enamoured of mammoth dimensions,
To strengthen the strings and the wind
They borrow the monstrous inventions
Of Egypt and Ind.

And still, as they rabidly rush on
To spread the dominion of din,
They multiply means of percussion—
Brass, iron, and copper, and skin.
For melodies simple and tender
They reckon as infantile joys,
And worship the strenuous splendour
Of absolute Noise.

From trumpets that pierce like an arrow,
And freeze all the brains in my skull,
From cymbals that curdle my marrow
I long for a merciful lull.

Est suus, et sit honos Corybantibus; est ubi gratum
Melpomenae sit nenia munus;
peccat, crede mihi, qui vel furit omnibus horis
vel maeret. Satis illa superque
continuis violat fessas vesana fragorum
congeries ululatus aures;
obstupere animi, labefactaque membra tremiscunt.
O nimium nimiumque moratae
Haemo vel Pindo, doctae properate sorores,
et capiat Discordia finem!

XV

FORTEM, fortibus et viris
stipatum Rhodius dicat Iasona
mercis scilicet aureae
qui desiderio litora Colchidos
Argo petiit scapha.
Sed me maius opus fert animus sequi,
nostras dum celebros magis
dignas laude rates, et pretiosius
portantes onus. En uti
noctes dispereunt, dispereunt dies
annona spoliatis
os septemgeminum, Nile pater, tuum!
Nec dispendia nec moras

XIV 26 nenia munus: *Bentley for MSS.* non iam unus
30 ululatus: *T has kakatibus* XV 12 os: *MSS. have O.*

There are times for a mood Corybantic;
In season 'tis sweet to be sad;
But an art that is constantly frantic
Or dismal, is bad.

Our ears have been brutally battered
With volleys of virulent sound;
Our senses are cruelly shattered
With shocks that amaze and astound.
O hasten from Pindus or Haemus,
Come down, you have lingered too long,
Come down, and from Discord redeem us,
Dear Sisters of Song!

C. L. GRAVES.

XV

IN quest of golden cargo brave Jason and his band
Upon the good ship Argo sailed to the Colchian strand;
But nobler is the story that I would fain unfold
Of ships of greater glory, of freights of richer gold.

For the grain ships are sailing, are sailing all the while,
Unresting and unfailing from the mouth of Father Nile;

norunt, dum Libycis pondus ab areis
vectando prohibent Fames
cives innumeros ceu lupus impetat
Romanumque (nefas!) forum.
Non curvata decet prora, neque aureos
præfert sculpta manu deos:
stant puppes solido robore—sic hiemps
dudum Pontica coxerat
pinus, artifices sic fabricaverant
duras quidquid erit pati.
Vobis, dura magis robora, navitæ,
seu Symplegades adsonant
lucem sideribus nocte negantibus,
seu fractis data palmulis
antennæque ratis præda Charybdi,
seu prædo Cilicum palam
decurrit latebris, exitium sinu
foedo Scylla ferens, ubi
mors non ante oculos? O genus inscium
qui naves onerarias
nec fretas celeri remige temnit!
Audaces ego navitas
aeterno referam carmine, seduli
dum nostris domibus procul
arcent pauperiem, dum populo famem,
ventorumque periculis
prædonumque minis insuperabiles.

XV 29 prædo Cilicum: MSS. have prædocilium (patrocinium
W)

And by their precious lading from Libya's threshing floors
They keep the wolf from raiding ten thousand Roman doors.

They are not carved or gilded or dainty in design ;
Their hulls are stoutly builded of seasoned Pontic pine.
For strength their makers plan them, their purpose to fulfil,
And the mariners that man them are stouter, stronger still.

Alike when nights are starless and hidden breakers boom,
When rudderless and sparless they drift to certain doom,
Or when the pirate sallies in sunshine from his lair
With murder in his galleys, death is their daily share.

Some foolish folk disdain ships that are not swift or "long,"
But the heroes of the grain-ships deserve undying song.
They brave the worst of weather, they face the direst dread,
To keep our homes together and give the people bread.

C. L. GRAVES.

APPENDIX

I

SUNT quibus solum colitur Mephitis
numen, auritis gregibus probando
peior ut mixtura malis duobus
condita fiat.

Hi, quibus nostrae scateant minutis
beluis venae, cohibent in urnam;
crescit iniussu Veneris propago
saeva vel insons.

Cura fervores aliis rotarum
(Daedulus quotquot peperit labores)
usque quas volvunt citius, vel usque
longius urgent.

Me, moraturum nihil, imputandus
vel dies praesens ad amoena rura
Brundusi penna potiore fretum
ducat, an orbe,

flamma cui numquam nisi Pindarea
torpidum pectus calefecit, artes
non magis tales oculo irretorto
praetereuntem

permovent, quam si mihi cogitanti
quid parum mites Superi requirant,
in foco, servus sed amicus, Aeli,
ligna reponis.

FLORUS, quem doctae prius accendere Camenae,
 adversum Parthos meritis, mea limina nuper
 ingreditur baculis firmans vestigia binis,
 atque ego, sopitos ignes conflare, trucemque
 bellonam cupiens Musarum expellere sede,
 talia subicio, flammarum alimenta priorum;
 acer an Alcaeus sincerius edat an ardens
 Aeolios Sappho numeros fide; quisne subulcum
 Eumaeum superet pietate; audacia furta
 Penelopae potius constantis, Nausicaeene
 virginis impavidae mores miremur apertos;
 at lentus fomes non ullum concipit ignem:
 nempe ferox mentis dominatur in arce tyrannus,
 exercetque grave imperium et dat ferrea iura.
 Sulcos et vineta crepat mera Florus, et artes
 Martis inauditas inventaque mille, liquentem
 ignem personasque venenatamque mephitim;
 et iaculatori valido, qui spicula torquet
 certa manu, genus omne iubet decedere vatum,
 Tyrtaeumque suos ait unum inflectere sensus;
 dumque cicatrices confosso monstrat honestas
 pectore, solius se verba in Martis adegit.

At patrum in Floro qui me decet esse? Tot oti
 desidis ut recolo sincere lustra, Philippos,
 praecipitemque fugam, cogit res ipsa fateri
 mortem pro patria quanto sit honestius una
 oppetiisse, novem quam vitam addicere Musis.

VIII

TRANQUILLIS ego te temporibus qui monui sagax
 quidquid scire nefas ne numeros per Babylonios
 scires, hoc iterum praecaveas atque iterum rogo,
 dum fervent acies, Leuconoe, dum quatitur solo
 saevis omne quod est turbinibus. Non equidem queror
 si tu, sive quibus, quod dederat vivere, mortuumst,
 coram colloquium poscitis, et numquid agant viri
 non oras superas, non iterum lumen amabile
 visuri, petitis. Sive tamen Ditis habet domus,
 seu, segura manus, picta colunt asphodelo loca,
 non est auxilium (crede mihi) nuntius ut ferat
 aegrae vendibilis, per Siculam forte datus magam;
 umbrae si superest tale aliquid, reddat et audiat
 ut voces solitas, Thessalica cur egeas duce,
 quae responsa ferens pro pretio cantibus et rota
 commendet foliis? Ut melius ture pio deum
 placavisse focos, ut repetas mortua mortuum,—
 seu Lethe placeat, sorsque redux. Sed fugias magum
 qui, ceu germinibus flamen atrox, ne maneant vetat
 aut vivis requies, aut pietas debita Manibus.

IX

URBS quod labores protereret boum
 Pansa querebar consule, qui satis
 immissa (pro Fauni fugati!)
 fumum et opes strepitumque vidi.
 Hic sculptor, illic intonuit faber
 quis posset armis; atria balneis
 confusa delubrisque divum,
 Troia velut modulante Phoebō,

crevere in auras : trans mare venditis
 ditata large marmoribus Paros
 gaudebat, et fervens redemptor
 vidit opus sibi profuturum.
 Nunc, ecce ! flecti non levis ad preces
 aedilis obstat, ne male decidant
 caementa privatos in usus,
 utilius positura Sexto
 nostris minanti litoribus moram.
 Nunc Polliones sollicite timent
 non erubescentes Carinas
 stramineum subiisse tegmen.
 Luxu remoto, sarta palam toga
 gestatur ipsis Patribus : Iccius
 praecepta Luculli relinquit
 cum grege Pythagoran secutus
 et cum gulosa coniuge glandibus
 vescens. Colorem, gaudia Telephi,
 sol mutat, intonsum Catonem
 qui sibi proposuit colendum :
 ex quo serendum frugibus hortulum
 saepsit, ligoni datque bidentibus
 curam ; puellarum choreae
 saepe dolent suibus vacantem.
 Maiora canto munia divitum.
 Agrippa poscit, nec mora ! praedium
 vertisse Maecenas aratro
 creditur, et pepulit lacunis
 anguilla mullos. Dat Cereri locum
 Flora obstrepenti, cum violis latens ;
 lactuca successit rosetis,
 utile olus, neque quod profundat

Coos odores. VITE SACRA PRIUS,
O VARE, NULLAM SEVERIS ARBOREM
scripsi, sed invitus probrosum
consilium meliore muto.
Pomariorum dignior est honos :
Pomona quovis more coquentibus
dat mala solamen laborum,
mala cibum cupidis salubrem.
Quid Roma possit, iam nimium diu
consueta messes carpere non suas,
Clitumne, testaris, iuencos
indigenas et Abella, fruges
mittens inemptas. Sus dabit omina
ter dena natis ubera porrigens,
nautasque consurgens vetabit
ne nimium vigilant, Aratrum.

X

CRETURUM in annos aere perennius
et fabuloso Pyramidum situ
quondam (sed inconcessa divis
vaticinans) mihi praevidebam
illustre nomen ; nec minus, anxius
staretne morum prisca severitas,
cives monebam, ne lateret
quod rigido placitum Catoni
nos nequiores, et vitiosius
semen daturus : sic mihi gloriam,
sic damna Romano per annos —
imperio cecini futura.

Atqui vigebat, prole nova ferax,
Romana virtus: dedocet exitus,
 ventura dum pandit, quid adsit
 Tiresian male nescientem.
Ludis remotis, ut puerilibus,
hi barbarorum ingentibus obvii
 turbis ierunt, omne secum
 diluvio licitum trahenti.
Qui causa flendo non fuerant prius
flemus peremptos; est lacrimis locus,
 est et triumpho, si libentes
 innocuam posuere vitam.
Nec fronte gestae, sed meritae manu
laurus movebat spes data civicae,
 nec fama, nec merces, tulissent
 dum patriae sociisque lumen.
O corda quid se cogeret inscia!
Vitam, priusquam mors tetigit, Iovis
 degere, correptas in unam
 quotquot erunt peragentis horas.
Tu mortuorum non moritura si
frustra recenses nomina, Vergili,
 Parcas tot in sanctis reclamans
 totque in amabilibus nocentes,
non est ut istas amplius increpem
voces. Relicta non bene parmula
 vivamne, quem iactura talis
 reddidit incolumem, superstes?
Hos posterorum laudibus aemulis
vox prosequetur, civicus hos amor
 desideratos, cum Latinis
 barbiton exciderit poetis.

XI

FULGEBAS, memini, cum sinerent dies
 festi, Sidonio murice vel Tyri:
 te non Assyrii dives odoribus
 costum dedecuit, Chloe,

Sed nunquam nitidam vidimus, ut, tuis
 simplex munditiis, munera Liviae
 impendenti aderas nuper ab Africa
 devectis legionibus.

Dum damnum prohibent finibus imperi
 fessis Marte viris tunc operam dabas,
 Musas sacra novem non facientibus—
 quem non desidia pudet?

Tali pro studio me miserum Chloen
 vitantem, fateor, deperii magis,
 in me proditio si patriae tamen
 tantum contulerit decus.

XII

ERGO tempus erat cum mihi cum tibi
 certandum genius suasit amystide
 fastos atque nefastos
 haud seponere callidis
 soles? Quot Bibuli, quot cyathis genae
 innavere meae, seu fureret Canis
 seu stridore November
 tristes contraheret dies!
 Ecquis crediderat sic fore, Pindari
 quod se lege tenens Flaccus amat procax

a non ante relicto
 liber vivere Libero?
 Nec parvo auspicio: Caesaris excidunt
 dum parcis epulis munera Setia,
 nos, quantumque piorum
 Romanos adhibet deos,
 non omen sequimur? Quid, quod identidem
 tu desiderium, Bacche potens, moves?
 cui bis quanta bibenti
 res sicco redit et sopor
 dulcis: qui gracilis iam magis in dies
 turpi membra situ languida conterens
 prima luce Sabinum
 perfusus gelida, colo.
 Huc, quando Tiberim linquere Cantabri
 Parthorumque sinent insidiae, veni,
 defessum Bibuli dapes
 ut nostrae recreent caput.
 Docti condidimus poma—nec imputat
 annonae peragens munia, quod vores,
 sed languente palato
 purus Bandusiae latex
 vires sufficiat. Qua celebrabitur
 Pentheus laude, quibus pampinus, heu nimis
 insueta vice fungens
 dat tegmen modo sobriis!

XIII a

CUR immerentem crimine Lollium
 vexas, aperte quod medio in foro
 unguenta ceu mercans ibidem
 nomen emat titulumque equestrem?

Hunc non neganda patris origine
de plebe natum, mercibus Africis
et farre ditatum coempto
stirpe senem meliore nasci

coniux et auctae divitiae iubent.
Cur ista rides? Crede, equitis locum
tanti parare est: nempe servit
nobilium dominorum in aula

mercede curta verna, et equestria
Lolli facessit iussa diutius:
saevos ad ingressum videbis
Orbilios aperire frontem:

Baias euntem portitor obvius
vulgo negatis inseret essedis,
magnique certabunt Galeni
quisnam equiti medeatur aegro.

Mox amplioris spes nova filio
vitae patebit: filia nubilis
jam mente Baronis Ducisve
concipiet speciem mariti:

nam quae sorores heu nimis aemulas
plerumque misso fulmine deiicit
Boudicca mitescet, voletque
Lolliadas adhibere cenis.

His grande fenus condicionibus
dat civitati Lollius: at semel
danda est viro simplexque merces
(testor utrumque caput Georgi)!

O si quem habendarum improba non regunt
orationum gaudia, publicos
 cuicunque non curae est acervos
 in propriam male vertere arcam,

hic est vocandus purus et integer:
sunt huic honorum pignora quas habet
 opes, et exactis cupitum
 nominibus petit ipse nomen:

nam pompa certe stirpis olentibus
non surgit illi condita nummulis,
 nec gentis infamavit ortum
 vendita vel probitas vel uxor.

At tu vetustatem et titulos canis
virtute partos. En tabulae tibi
 solvuntur ut risu! Nec ipse
 tu minimos moveas cachinnos.

XIII β

CUR immerentem Lollium mordēs iocis
 si, civibus spectantibus,
unguenta ceu qui vilia aut nardum petit
 mercatur haud occultius
equestre nomen? Scilicet planissime
 plebeculae propaginem,
mox emptione farris et vulgi fame
 factum ex egeno divitem
hinc uxor, inde nota maiestas opum
 ignobilem nasci vetat.
✓ Stipendiis huic servuli minoribus
 diutiusque servient:

immitte ludi sic magistrorum pecus
iam blandietur Lollio:
iam rus eunti mulio locum dabit
vulgo negatum: iam sibi
captabit omne quod medendo aptissimum est
curanda Lolli viscera.
Tum filiosque nobilesque filias
spes excitabit amplior:
nam quae petentes alta lautorum loca
misso sorores fulmine
Boudicca sacris arcet a praeseptibus,
terror novarum gentium,
ira reposta iam vocabit ad dapes
et Lollios et Lollias.
Hac lege pondus grande nummorum libens
dat civitati Lollius;
sed o, Georgi testor utrumvis caput,
tantum semel quod dat dari!
Quicumque non est publicae pecuniae
orationumve appetens,
sed quos opum secunda mercatur fides
contentus est honoribus,
hunc iure purum et integrum vocaveris;
nummis enim quam comparat
stat fulta certe non olentibus domus;
hunc nulla certe fama fert
venumdedisse vel fidem vel coniugem;
cur hoc requiris amplius?
Quod si vetusta repetis et cantas mera
virtute quaesitum decus,
risu solutas ecce tabulas aspicias,
tu primus es ludibrio!

QUID consulares cum titulis avos
 rides ementem sub Iove Lollium,
 venale munus, non amomi
 lacte minus, Syriove nardo?
 Quid, si refertae messibus Africis
 naves honestant? Divitiae genus
 clarosque natales reposcunt,
 et soceros Venuleia plorans
 fastidiendos. Officiosius
 sic excubabit pro tenui stipe
 Davus, renidens sive mannis
 seu pueris moderator addi!
 Sic sub flagranti Musa Canicula
 purgabit ultro: filia nubilis
 natique sublatis Olympum
 verticibus ferient, ut iras
 Drusilla ponat, semper in aemulis
 Iunonis instar saeva sororibus
 matrona, confundatque divum
 terrigenas epulis nepotes.
 His ne careret, Sisyphias opes
 fisco remisit, non iterum tamen
 (testatur utriusque Gai
 saepe caput) totidem daturus.
 Quem publicae non ulla pecuniae
 urget cupido, nec scabies fori
 verbosa, sed contentus aurum
 de proprio proprios in usus
 expendit, hic est criminis integer;
 res non olentes turpiter huic olet
 nummos, neque uxorem probrosam

vendiderat, patriamve lucro.
"Priscis at olim, fallere nesciis,
virtute crevit fama Catonibus"—
te saepe "Boeotum" sodales,
te tremulae sonuere mensae.

CARMEN ut videtur sextum incertae aetatis scholiasta pedestri oratione Anglice ita reddidit:

Weapons too faithful offer them using all things mixed with blood and he who loudly brings false charges exhausts the unique hour capable of preserving works. It was related to us wandering outside, nor did we reject black wisdom; our strong fame having been poured out like hard sand, the day demanding it, to add margins to recently sanctified substructures so soft that they fear waves more than words.

Like as mountains are not seen to be high unless fields have been left, so those making places for peoples about to stand are not beheld by anyone on the spot. Lacking integuments for their countenance of the sort afforded by graves or insignia, their friends and enemies too asserting them to be equal in stature, they sell themselves cheap in order to purchase dear things. Venal persons lying down through the nights, they themselves rise to a man to prove arches never-sleeping and immense marbles to which too many things are confided for fear of hidden weights to be imposed by following ages. They do not look at laurels or spectacles nor even at peace, a traitress, till she is proper. In the meantime, they support cold hands, and virtues. Those whom they have freed from chains to play in arenas built for libidinous

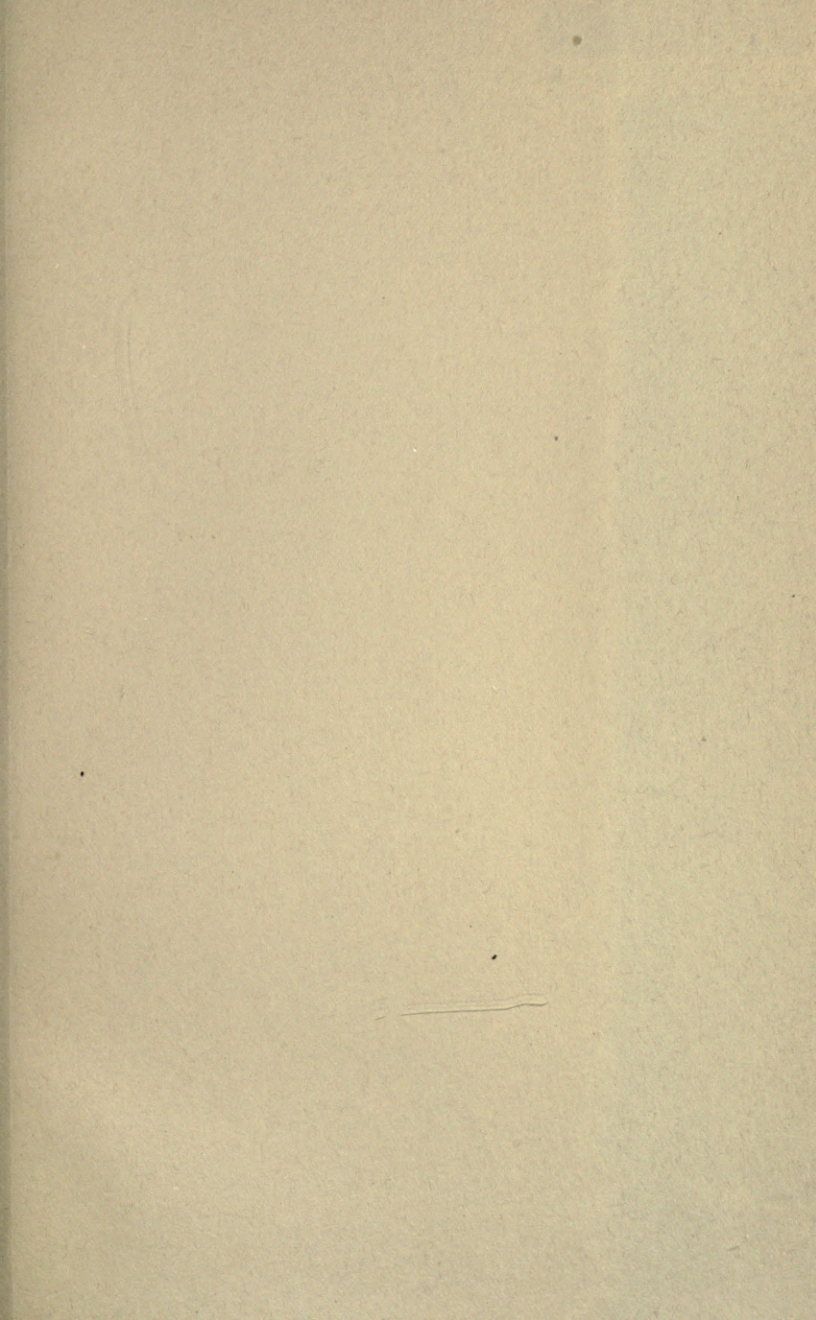
games, gnaw at them hesitatingly and they cherish strength destined to push aside their strengths.

Smaller men pretend to seek larger things which, not being found, they sit down like doctors to measure spirits descending into profound earth and, spotted all over, none the less elevating all things towards the breath of morning. But these persons labour like dumb stars or rivers or ages with mouths hardly opened, revealing the council of Gods not of mankind. Having gained anything they do not beg for triumphs nor, being lost, consider themselves excused. The images having been drawn into the city, it is of no interest whether those pulling shall have been rewarded by death or thin white money. Moreover, if the temples remain, why are you or I ashamed or proud that we had been either imprisoned or set upon a throne before taciturn thresholds?



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